

The Life of the Party

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Summary: Emma reflects on past parties while she attends one.

The Life of the Party

Disclaimer: Emma and Jubilee aren't mine! NO!!!!!!

Notes: This, along with "Applause", was in a series. I stopped writing the series, though, when the other stories started to suck. Heh. Oh well. At least I got two somewhat decent stories out of it.

Emma stood in a corner. Her pristine white dress was longer and less revealing than normal. She didn't want to look like a slut. This was about business. Yes, it was a party, but no one was talking about anything any of her students would associate with that of party conversations. Stock market. Merging companies. Selling and buying. Trade. Charters. Incredibly boring things.

Emma couldn't help but wonder what Jubilee would do if let loose in such a party. Emma somewhat wished she could find out. She really hated these kind of parties. They were necessary, however. There were people she had to meet and deals she had to confirm and impressions to make.

Emma smiled as she remembered how she had felt in these parties when she was younger. They seemed so much more interesting back then. Things always seem more exciting when they are done when it is forbidden. When she was younger, if anyone had found out who she was, Emma would have been kicked out, maybe even arrested.

It had almost been like a game. She would get information and meet important people. It was all in pursuit of her dream. Emma had to get away from who she was, from her parents, from everything. She would, too. That made the game even more of a thrill, the need.

Emma had already begun to use her telepathic talents and was quite good at controlling them. That was how she snuck into the parties. Mind manipulation. Her telepathy was always something to fall back on. When things were getting too hairy in her little 'game', she would turn to it.

Emma would always feel great at the parties. It was like she was someone else. Parties were places for her to build a foundation for her future and to forget herself. They were always something to look forward to.

Even though they were enjoyable for her, she knew that they should be taken seriously. Her future was at stake. To pull herself up, she would need any help she could find.

Before the parties were over, she would leave. Emma would be herself again. She would be the nobody she had been before the party. Those at the party she had attended could have passed her on the street without a second glance. In fact, that occurred several times. It was always painful when that happened. It was like a slap. She had failed to really reach out to that person. She had wasted precious time on someone who didn't even remember her.

Emma brought herself back to the party she was at. She smiled. Things were so much easier for her. At the party, she was Emma Frost, head of Frost Enterprises. She was the woman every man and some women wanted to meet. She didn't have to work to really meet people. They came to her. She need not use her telepathy.

She would listen to everyone. Well, she would give everyone time to try to strike up a conversation. Some people at these parties, Emma had realized long before, were nothing but talk. She never paid much attention to those people. The people she paid the most attention to were the nervous ones. The young ones. Those whom she had never heard about. Anyone who wasn't dressed as nicely as everyone else. They were the special ones. They were the ones that had been like her. Well, except for the part about how they were dressed. She always could get nice, expensive dresses. She just had to use her powers.

A smile crossed Emma's lips. When she would leave this party, she would always wind up being something better than most people at the party thought she was. She was a headmistress. She was more than that, though. She loved her students. With a passion. She'd protect them, no matter the price. It was more noble than anyone at the party could guess of the former White Queen.

Emma sighed. She began to walk around, letting people know she was present at the party. Just another hour and she would be gone. Another hour and she could go back to her precious school. A school she had unknowingly worked her whole life for.

End
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